

THE WITCH'S HOUSE

The Diary of Ellen

CHAPTER

5

ORIGINAL STORY
Fumiko

ART

Yuna Kagesaki

WTF. THINGS
WASNT

BECAUSE
BECOMING A
WITCH...

I WAS
LITTERLY
PITABLE.

PERHAPS
I OUGHT TO
HAVE SEEN
MISERABLE
INSTEAD.

I'M
ELLEN.

BUT WHO
EXACTLY
IS ELLEN?

BECAUSE THINKING ABOUT THE FUTURE IS HOW THE REAL TROUBLE STARTED.

THEY'RE
POUNDRING
DOWN THE
WALLS OF MY
DREAM.

THE
SCREAMS
OF MY
SPOT...

THE
CLASH OF
MY SENSE...

BACK TO
HEARTBEAT
OUT...

I'LL DO
ANYTHING
TO ACHIEVE
THAT.

AS
LONG AS I'M
CONSTRUCTING
A FUTURE
WHERE I CAN
BE LOVED.
WHAT'S THE
POINT IN
THINKING
AT ALL?

WHEN
REALITY'S
ZIGZAG
TROUBLE.

SENDING MY
SOUL....

I GRIEVED.

...JUST
WHERE THE
DEMON TOLD
ME TO...





THE WITCH'S HOUSE

The Diary of Ellen

Chapter 3



TO BE
LOVED,
THAT
IS MY
WISH.

THE ROSES
WRING
EVERY-
ONE'S
NECKS,
TAKING
ALL THAT
DRIPPING
BLOOD.

ABSENT-
MINDEDLY,
I STRETCH
OUT THE
ROSES' VINES.

BUT
WHAT
IS
LOVE,
TRULLY?

THESE
SWEET-TOOTH
KIDS
BECOME MY
FOURCHAMBER

THESE
SWEET-TOOTH
KIDS
BECOME MY
FOURCHAMBER



HIYA.



SO...

I
DUNNO

YOU'RE
BASI-
CALLY
LIKE A
DOCTOR.

IT HAS TO
EXAMINE
MY BODY
AND ITS
WOUNDINGS.

IN ORDER
FOR THE
CROW
DEMON
TO GIVE
ME THE
MEDICINE
I NEED...



CAN'T YOU
HEAL MY
DISEASE,
THEN?



IT'S
SAID
THAT
HEALING
ME IS THE
BLACK
CAT'S
ROLE
IN ALL
THIS?



HAVE

ONLY THE
BLACK CAT
CAN DO
THAT.







BUT I WON'T SAY THAT. I'M A WITCH, AFTER ALL.

AND WITCHES SHOULDN'T GO AROUND ADMITTING TO BEING SO PATHETIC.

BECAUSE I DIDN'T WANT TO LEAVE THE HOUSE. NOT EVEN A LITTLE.

HE KNOWS FULL WELL.



"TO WATCH
OVER
DEEP IN
THOSE
WOODS,
AND SHE
SPITS
AWAY
THOSE
WHO
WANDER
IN."



DECADES
HAVE
PASSED
SINCE
I CAME
TO THE
HOUSE.

POSSIBLY
EVEN
CENTURIES.



I'VE
HEARD
PLENTY
OF
RUMORS
ABOUT
WARS
STARTING
AND
ENDING.



OUT-
SIDE
THE
WOODS,
COUNT-
LESS
ILLUERS
HAVE
COME
AND
GONE.



HEY,
HOW
MUCH
LONGER
NOW?

STILL
NOT
ENOUGH.



BECAUSE
EVERYONE
BECOMES
MY FRIEND.

BUT I
DON'T
PANIC.



OUTSIDE THE
WOODS, IT SEEMS
THEY'RE SECRETLY
PLOTING TO
KILL ME.





THE VISITORS
DIVE HEADLONG
INTO THAT BED
OF CRIMSON.

MY BELOVED
ROSES...



BECAUSE
EVERY TIME
THEY COME
TO PLAY,
THEY BATE
THE DEMON'S
APPETITE.



THE
DEMON'S
COME
TO SELL
ME MY
MEDICINE.



AH.



BECAUSE I DON'T
WANT ANYONE
DESTROYING
THE MEDICINE,
I'VE WORKED
SO HARD TO
SAVE UP...

NEVER
WANT THE
MEDICINE
GONE FROM
MY HANDS
ANYMORE.



I'VE STARTED
LOCKING AWAY
THE MEDICINE
UNDER MY
BED, IN THE CLOSET,
AND EVEN IN A SPECIAL
STORE ROOM.







CHAIER
APPEAR FOR
THEM, LINED
UP

MEANWHILE
OTHER
SHAPELESS
RESIDENTS
HOLD A PIANO
RECITAL

HANDLESS
GUESTS
SURROUND A
LONG TABLE
AND THROW
A BANQUET.

THE HOUSE
ITSELF HAS
GROWN A
LOT SINCE
I FIRST
ARRIVED.

THEY GO ON
LIVING AS
THEY PLEASE

I
WALK
AROUND
THE
HOUSE.



THERE'S
NO POINT IN
CONVERSING
WITH THEM.

...THEY
HAVE
NO TRUE
PURPOSE.

THEY
DENYING
OF THE
WITCH'S
HOUSE.

NO
WISDOM TO
INTERACT
WITH THEM
POSSIBLY
DANGER



HMM.
COULD BE.

IS THERE
ALSO A
BOOK HERE
ABOUT THE
PREVIOUS
WITCH?



WELL, IT
TAKES
PERSISTENCE.



MEOW.



OH.
SO
YOU'VE
FOUND
YOURSELF
A NEW CAT
CORPSE TO
OCCUPY?



ILLUSTRATED
REFERENCE
BOOKS AND
PICTURE
BOOKS
SURROUND
HIM.

MAYBE
HE CAN'T
READ?



THOUGH
I DON'T
KNOW IF
IT'S RIGHT
TO CALL
HIM A
"BOY".

AT SOME
POINT, A
BOY BEGAN
LIVING
IN THE
LIBRARY.





NOT
THAT...

I CAN'T
QUITE
SEE HIS
FACE.





NOT MY
FATHER'S.
MORE LIKE
THE SWEET
SCENT OF
A WOMAN'S
ROOM.



WHAT'S
ACTUALLY
BECOME OF
MY BODY, I
WONDER?

THE
TRUTH
IS, I'M
LIVING
FAR
BEYOND
MY EX-
PECTED
TIME.





I'VE NO
NEED...

NO.

...TO SEE
THAT.

DON'T
WANT
TO SEE THAT.

OR...
...IF I DARE
TO STEP
OUTSIDE,
MY TRUE
FORM
WOULD BE
REVEALED.

I'M TAKING
THE MEDICINE
TO BLOW MY
DISEASE
JUST AS THE
CROW DEMON
INSTRUCTED.

BUT IF THE
MAGIC OF THIS
HOUSE COMES
ONLINE...



WHY DO
ALL THESE
PEOPLE
HAVE TO
SACRIFICE?

UGH.



HE HAD'S
QUESTS.



...DON'T
EVEN NEED
TO LURE
THEM IN...

THEY'VE
ALL COME
INTO THE
WOODS TO
KILL ME.



THEY...
...SEEK
REVENGE
AGAINST
ME, FOR
SOMEONE'S
SAKE.



THEY...
...MUST SEE
ME AS A Foe
THAT NEEDS
SLAYING.



WELL...

IT'S NOT
SAFE.

AAAA
THE DEMON...

PLEASE

COME ON IN,
EVERYONE.



WELL?
WHY?

WHY
DO I
NEED
TO BE
KILL-
ED?

WHY
DO THEY
INSIST
ON TRYING
TO KILL
ME?



BUT...

AND
THEY
COME.

MARCH-
ING IN
DROVES.



HOW
RIDICULOUS.

THAT'S THE
LAST THING
THEY DO.
BATCH UP,
AND THEN
IT'S OVER.



THE
BROKEN
PIPE HAS
REPAIRED
ITSELF.
CLUTCHED
IN MY
FATHER'S
HAND.



I WALK
THAT
STONE
PATH
ONCE
MORE.



YOU'RE A WITCH.

REALLY, DON'T SWEAT THE SMALL STUFF.

JUST KEEP GOBLING UP THOSE HUMANS AND MAKE YOUR DREAMS COME TRUE.



*I NEVER
RETURNED
TO THAT
PLACE
AGAIN.*

THESE ARE
STORIES OF THE
PAST. I AM
ALONE IN THE
PRESENT.

MY LIFE
NEEDS TO
BE A LIE.
I CAN
LIVE WITH
A LIE.

YOU'RE RIGHT, OF COURSE.

YES.

YOU'RE RIGHT, OF COURSE.

YES.



HOW
MUCH
LONGER
NOW?

JUST
A BIT
MORE.

SURELY, I JUST GOT CARELESS.

SO WHY
DID I STEP
OUTSIDE
THEN, I
WONDER?



UNTIL THAT DAY, I HAD NEVER LEFT THE HOUSE.

OH-OH.



...I'M
SO VERY
SICK...

WHEN
...

...MAKE
ME
RECALL
THIS
PAIN?

WHY...

WHY...

...IT'S SO
CRUEL TO
ME?

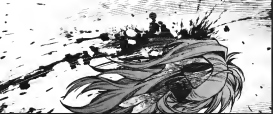
...AND
SUFFERING?

...TO
NOURISH
ME.

IT
SHOULD BE
ENOUGH...

...FOR YOU
PEOPLE TO
EXIST...

JUST
DIE FOR
ME. THAT
SHOULD BE
ENOUGH.



ENOUGH.

AHH.

YOUR EFFORTS ARE ALL FOR NAUGHT.



HE LEFT,
IF THAT'S
WHAT
YOU'RE
MONDER-
ING.

LEFT?



THAT WAS
PRETTY
AMPL.





REALLY?
SOMEONE
WAS
SAYING
THAT...

WHY?

WHY?



...THAT
WAS
A LIE,
RIGHT?

HEY.
WHEN
YOU SAID
WITCHES
DON'T
DIE...



IT
WAS
LIKE...

IN
THAT
MO-
MENT

BE-
CAUSE

...I FELT
IT HAP-
PENING.

...SOME-
THING WAS
REMOV-
ING ME
FROM THIS
WORLD.

I FELT
MYSELF
FADING
AWAY.

...I
WOULD
HAVE
MET MY
END.

.....AND
IF THAT
FEELING
HAD GONE
ON...

I WAS
SURE OF
IT.

THE
BODY
OF A
WITCH
WILL
ALWAYS
REAP-
PEAR.
NO
MATTER
HOW
BAD
AND
DEEP
THE
WOUND.

IF I
REALLY
AM
ABOUT
TO
DIE,
BY
MYSELF.

I WOULD
JUST
ONE, IF I
WANTED
TOP



IF
YOUR
DESIRE
IS TO
READ IT
ALL...

IF YOU
DON'T
WANT IT
TO...



WELL



WHEN YOU SAID THIS COULD GO ON FOREVER?

YOU WERE LYING, RIGHT?



YOU CAN!

I CAN DIE?

*A
MOTION
ONLY
NEEDS
TO
WORK
FOR
DEPTH
IN
CHARACTER
TO
DIE*

BUT YOU
DON'T
REALLY
WANT
TO DIE,
SO YOU
CAN'T.

IT'S THE ONLY WAY A WITCH CAN DIE.

YOU HAVE TO DESPAIR.

78

KUROKI



THIS STUFF COULD HELP ME OUT?



SO THE
KEY TO
KILLING
ME...

...IS MY
MOTHER?

AS A
BAKER OF
SWEETS,
SHE WAS
ALWAYS
CLOAKED
IN THAT
SCENT.

THE
CONTENTS
OF THE
VIAL
SMELLED
SACCHA-
RINE,
LIKE MY
MOTHER.



I DON'T ACCEPT THAT.



NOR DO
I HAVE
ANYONE
TO LOVE.



I'M
STILL NOT
LOVED BY
ANYONE.

I DON'T
WANT TO
DIE.

MY WISHES
HAVEN'T BEEN
GRATIFIED
YET.



NO, I
DON'T.



WANDA
PET?



NO
NEED
TO
THROW
THINGS,
NOW.



COME
ON.



SO DESPISE IS
THE KEY TO
KILLING A
WITCH.



IT
WOULD
ALL
PLAY
BY
LIGHT
OF
DAY.

THE
KNOW-
LEDGE
THAT I
COULD
DO
WHEN-
EVER I
WANTED
...



BUT IT'S
NOT LIKE
WE'VE
DEVELOPED
SOME
TRUSTING
RELATION-
SHIP.

WE'VE
SPENT ALL
THIS TIME
TOGETHER.

NOT A
CHANCE.

DID HE
THINK TO
BREAK
MY HEART
TO KNOW?



...MAY HE
NOT BE
TOLD THE
TRUTH?

WHY...



OH? WELL
I LIKE
YOU.

I...
...REALLY
DESPISE
YOU.



コト...

THE CROW
DEMON SAID
IT WOULD
BE HARD TO
STOP MY
ILLNESS
FROM PRO-
GRESSING
ANYMORE.

THE HUNTERS
AND GATHERERS
VISITING...

CHILDREN
COMING TO
PLAY...

THOSE
JUST PASSING
THROUGH, OR
THOSE WHO GET
LOST...

I WOULD EAT
THEM ON A

WARM FEELING
STICKY SUGAR
COCAINE ICE

BECAUSE
MY VERY
SPIRIT WAS
WOUNDED.

THE
FALLER
EPI-
SODES
OF MY
DE-
MON
MUST
HAVE
GONE
FAST.

THE
WOODS
EN-
TERED
A PERIOD
OF
PEACE,
BUT
IT'S
STRA-
NGE
TO
PUT IT
THAT
WAY.

I'M A
PRISON-
ER

...OF
THE
HOUSE

OUR
STOMACH
GROWS
HEAVY.

WAKO KINO.

...LIKE THE
BONES OF
MANY, ALL
PILED UP.

IN OUR
BOWELS

...IS
IMMOBILE.

THE
HOUSE



WAITING
FOR PEEY
TO JUST
FALL IN.

LIKE A
CARNIVOROUS
PLANT I SAT,
MOUTH
AGAPE.



I SPENT MOST
OF MY DAYS...
...SLEEPING
IN BED.

HOW MANY
SPRINGS CAME
AND WENT?
HOW MANY
AUTUMNS?
WINTERS?



ALRIGHT.



...ELLEN.

CON-
GRAT-
ULA-
TIONS
...

THE
MAGIC IS
YOURS.

HOW
MUCH
TIME
PASSED
AFTER
THAT
POINT,
I WON-
DER?



I GRANT
YOU THE
MAGIC
TO CURE
YOURSELF.

ABOUT
THIS
MAGIC,
THOUGH





THE END OF THE WORLD IS HERE

THE WITCH'S HOUSE

The Diary of Ellen

CHAPTER

ORIGINAL STORY

Fumiy



ART

Yuna Kagesaki

TRANSLATION: CALED COOK
LETTERING: ROCHELLE GANCIO

This book is a work of fiction. Names, characters, places, and incidents are the product of the author's imagination or are used fictitiously. Any resemblance to actual events, locales, or persons, living or dead, is coincidental.

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